

We'll Put on the Day (and We'll Wear it 'till the Night Comes)

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Summary: A story where Sansa-meets-Margaery, where they keep meeting, and they keep meeting, and maybe one of these days the timing will be right.

We'll Put on the Day (and We'll Wear it 'till the Night Comes)

This is the first time she's ever wished that she did drive Arya to school in the morning, instead of her catching a ride with their dad on his way to work. Her car started making a gods awful metallic rattling and scraping noise just as soon as she'd made the turn out of her neighborhood. Arya would've known right away what was causing it. They didn't have any of the same classes and their lockers weren't close, but she managed to find her little sister at the one class she knew she'd never skip â€" her lunch hour.

"So, question. The car was making some weird noises on the way to school and I'm kinda worried about it." There was an empty seat next to Arya at the long lunch table so Sansa sat down, dropping her backpack to the floor and pushing it under the chair with her foot, then bending down to pull-up her knee socks. She notices that Arya's uniform skirt is absurdly short and obviously rolled up underneath the striped rugby polo she's wearing with it, and shakes her head. It's the only way her little sister has been able to rebel at their private school, and she knows Arya is secretly upset that it hasn't gotten her in trouble yet.

"What's it sound like?"

"Um, awful? Like metal against metal. Ya know, like that shit music you listen to."

"Very funny," she deadpanned. "Why don't you take it to Gendry's after school? He should be working today. I'm sure if it's an easy fix he won't charge you full price for it."

"Lucky. The perks you must get from having a mechanic for a boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend. He's just a boy, who's a friend."

"A friend who you makeout with."

"Who I makeout with, sometimes."

"All of the time."

"Just take your damn car in, Sansa," Arya replied, trying to end where that conversation was headed.

"You wanna come with? I always feel like those places are trying to screw me over since I know absolutely nothing about cars."

"Can't. Track practice after school." Arya looked over at her plate and grabbed the large cookie off her plate that she hadn't finished yet, tossing it in her backpack just as the bell rang. "I'll be home for dinner. It'll be fine. Gendry won't screw you over or else he'll have me to answer to."

"Ugh, fine, Ar. He'd better not." She pulled her backpack over her right shoulder, stood up from the table and started to walk away.

"Gods, you're awful today," she heard Arya yell after her. "Maybe _you_ should find a friend to makeout with!"

Yea, like it's that easyâ€¦!.

XxXxX

Her car still made those awful metal noises when she drove it over to the shop that afternoon. Gendry had been able to get his mechanic's license before he'd graduated last year, through some work-study program she didn't even know their school offered, and had started working at Mott's repair shop immediately, with the express instructions from his boss that he still take college classes on the side.

She walked in through the large open garage door, not bothering to check in at the reception desk since she'd rather just talk to Gendry directly. Something was different today. There's no loud, pulsing music playing like there usually is when Gendry is there. _Either that or he's definitely changed his music preferences_, she thinks. The usual noise she's learned is either Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, or Rage Against the Machine has been replaced by music she finds she enjoys much more, though she has no clue who it is. It's a very masculine voice, at times a bit soulful, smooth and folksy, but there's a distinct roughness to it.

Let me tell you that I'm dreaming to the twilight, this town has got me down.

>I've seen all the highlights, I've been walking all around

>I won't make a fuss, I'll take a Greyhound bus, carry me away from here

>Tell me, what have I got to lose?

"Hello?" Sansa calls out. She suddenly didn't want to waltz on in there like she owns the place anymore. "Gendry?" She takes a few more steps inside and sees a person on a creeper underneath the engine compartment of an old muscle car. The car is painted cherry red with two black stripes running down it, and her best guess is that it's from the 1960s or 70s, but she wouldn't be able to guess the model to save her life. It's up on two jack stands, but still isn't very high off the ground, and all she can see are black boots with what she assumes are dark blue coveralls tucked in. She walks closer, feeling better now and breathes a little sigh of relief that Gendry is here, and probably just can't hear her. She calls Gendry's name once more, and when she gets no responses she walks all the way over to him.

"Ugh, stupid boy," she mutters to herself as she walks over. She stands for a minute, then kicks at his left boot with the toe of her brown leather penny loafers. "Hey, Gen, do you have a minute? I need some â€œ"

She stops talking the instant she sees feet move, and he starts to roll out from under the car. She taps her feet a few times on the concrete, wishing he would just hurry up, but then stands stock still when she notices somethingâ€| strange. There'sâ€| hips, and a curving waist that led to petite breasts andâ€|

"Oh, gods, you're not Gendryâ€|" Sansa says, then clamps her mouth shut and covers leans her head forward, covering her eyes with her hands. "I am so, so sorry."

"I was sort wondering how long it was gonna take for you to figure that out," she says. Sansa looks up and immediately regrets that her school has a dress code, since she feels positively juvenile standing there in her uniform, loafers and knee socks, forest green pleated skirt and a grey pullover sweater over her button down shirt. "Gendry's out right now, dropping off some stuff at that metal scrapyard across town. I'm Margaery, just started here yesterday."

Sansa has to make herself stop staring and be polite, force herself to pull it together as Margaery wipes grease off her hand on a shop towel and offers her somewhat clean hand out to her. A braver Sansa would've grabbed her hand and pulled her down, kissing her roughly just to see what she'd do. Calm, collected Sansa doesn't lose her shit in front of a beautiful lady whom she just met, especially when she has no idea how old said person is, or if she even likes girls. Calm, collected Sansa just shook her hand politely, if maybe for a second too long, then committed everything about her to memory.

She's a few inches shorter than Sansa, but so are a lot of girls are. In an instant, Sansa realizes this girl is everything she didn't know she wanted. She's trying to reconcile the expertly applied bright red lipstick and chestnut brown hair that's slicked back like some fem James Dean, with the work boots, coveralls and grease marks on her arms. It's a mixture of Rosie the Riveter and the T-Birds from Grease, she thinks, although she's pretty sure that Rosie the Riveter always wore her coveralls pulled all the way up, not slung dangerously low on her hips like Margaery does. Instead, she's

wearing a plain white tank top with a couple of grease marks across the front. She's also pretty sure the Rosie the Riveter always wore a bra, but she's very happy that Margaery doesn't seem to think it's necessary. She's so feminine yet so masculine all at the same time and it's frustratingly attractive.

"Sansa Stark," she says to introduce herself. "If you're not already busy, would you mind taking a look at my car? It's been making this awful noise since this morning."

"That's what they pay me for."

"Are you sure? I saw you working on that red car when I got hereâ€¦"

"Oh, her?" Margaery asks, nodding towards the car in question. "She's all mine, and I was just tinkering around, so don't you worry. We'll get yours all fixed up."

It feels strange to be seated in the passenger seat of her own car, someone else driving it around the block, but Margaery insisted this was the best way for her to hear the noise for herself and figure out what was wrong. She'd pulled down the large garage door and yelled to the girl at the receptionist desk that she'd be back shortly.

"Sorry that Gendry's not here to look at your car," Margaery says as she backs the car out of the parking lot and onto the main road. "You'll probably be out with him later tonight though, right?"

"What? Maybe. He doesn't really come by our house very often, butâ€¦" Sansa tries to answer, and then it dawns on her why Margaery is asking this. "Oh, wait, he's not my boyfriend. Is that what you thought?"

"Well, I guess, yea." She blushes just a little bit at her assumption and Sansa thinks it has to be the most endearing thing she's ever seen. "I dunno, he said he was dating this, quote, amazingly beautiful girl, and I thought it had to be you."

She glances over as she nonchalantly says this, and now it's Sansa's turn to blush. Thankfully, the quiet silence between Margaery's compliment and when Sansa can figure out how to possibly respond is interrupted by the metal noise.

"Oh, well," Margaery starts, "I can see how that is quite alarming." She turns another corner around the block and the noise happens again. "I'd like to get under her when we get back to the garage, but I'm pretty sure I know what it is."

I'd like to get under you when we get back to the garage, Sansa thinks, but only nods and says "Sure, no problem," instead.

Once they're back at the shop and the Margaery's looked at the car, she tells her what's wrong, something about exhaust and tailpipes and honestly she's not listening when Margaery talks, just trying to keep her cool and not stare at her mouth. She does catch the part about it not being ready until Saturday afternoon, but at least it's only one day without it, and texts her mom to ask for a ride back from the shop.

There's about twenty minutes until her mom can get there, and it seems like Margaery must be done working on her car for a bit, since she walks over to the back counter and starts working more diligently on wiping excess grease off her hands and dirt from her nails. The counter is surprisingly clean, and Sansa leans against it at first, then pushes herself up on to the counter, feet dangling halfway through the floor, and even though she usually hates it, right now she's suddenly more than alright with how high her skirt rides up on her thighs. There's a finite amount of time for her to spend with Margaery, and she intends to make the most of it.

She learns that Margaery met Gendry in their accounting class last semester, that he caught her skimming through car forums on her laptop during class. She learns the car that Margaery was under is her baby, a 1968 Pontiac Firebird she bought at a junkyard on her 16th birthday, which, *_thank the gods_*, Sansa thinks, was only three years ago. She learns that the folksy, almost soulful man singing over the speakers earlier was Tom Waits, and since Margaery is shit at listening to a full album, she learns that the current voice coming through the speakers is Joni Mitchell.

*_Oh, won't you stay_
>We'll put on the day
>And we'll wear it 'till the night comes*

She's in the middle of telling Margaery about how she's so happy her last semester of high school is almost over, only one more month, and then after this she's done, she's leaving Winterfell in June to move to Highgarden for school, when she sees her mom pull up in the parking lot to pick her up. She sighs, reluctantly pushes herself off the counter, thinking about how she wishes she'd interrupted her mom at the beginning of her grocery shopping trip, instead of near the end.

Oh, fuck it.

"Hey, Margaery, I was thinkingâ€¦" she starts, walking back towards the counter. "If you're up for it, maybe you can take me for a drive in your car. Seems only fair since you got to drive mine and all."

The moment seems to last forever between when Sansa says what is the smoothest line she's ever thought of in her lifetime, until when Margaery raises an eyebrow at her, then smiles and takes a step closer.

"I'd love to," Margaery replies, her arm moving to Sansa's elbow. "Tonight? It'd have to be late though, I've got dinner with friends after work."

Margaery sends a message to Sansa so she has her number, and she receives another a few hours later asking if midnight is too late, and *_you don't have a curfew, do you_?* She does, despite that it's a Friday night and there's no school the next morning, but she decides that since Arya became an expert at sneaking out years ago then she can do it too. She texts back quickly, that midnight is fine, that she'll be waiting.

Sansa gets a text from Margaery seconds before midnight, but she's

already been hiding out in the garage since her parents went to bed thirty-five minutes ago. She can see Margaery's car at the road, headlights turned off, but there's enough light from the dashboard to see that it's her.

It's surprisingly warm for a May night in Winterfell. She closes the screen door as softly as possible, then takes one last glance up at her parents' bedroom window, which is still dark, with the shades drawn, and adjusts the small purse she's got on her shoulders. Her shoes make small noises when she runs the length of the long asphalt driveway to the road, and she hopes Margaery doesn't mind that for some damned reason she decided not to change out of her uniform.

She opens the door and slides in, setting her purse on the floor, and getting settled in the black leather seats, surprisingly soft from years of use. She notices that Margaery looks different now, there's no coveralls of course, and her hair is a wavy mess around her face and shoulders. There's a large round pair of rose-colored sunglasses perched on the top of her head, as if she's been driving around since before sunset, and she's wearing this delicate white knee-length linen dress, which almost glows in the yellowy light from the dashboard. There's a wide suede belt at her waist and matching knee-high boots, and Sansa wonders if any aspect of Margaery's personality is from the current decade. This version she's seeing, a twist on the late 60s summer-of-love look she's seen in her parents' old photo albums seems to work much more nicely with the music that'd been playing in the shop earlier. Not that Sansa really knew about it, but she'd quickly Googled and read everything she could find about Tom Waits and Joni Mitchell as soon as she was inside her mom's car.

She reaches over her right shoulder for the seatbelt, only to come up short. Margaery apologizes, says she hasn't gotten around to changing over from the lap belts to the modern-style seatbelts yet, and smiles when she says she promises to get Sansa home safely.

"I trust you. I'd just never been in a car like this before, it's amazing," Sansa says, taking the time to look around, and trying not to show the flash of disappointment on her face when she realizes for the first time that there's no backseat.

"Well, she's a good old girl, if you treat her right. Should've seen her when I first bought her though, she was one hell of a mess."

Margaery flips the headlights back on, and Sansa finds she can't help but watch as she effortlessly moves through the gears, and it's oddly—arousing? Has it really been that long since I've had a girlfriend? Been on a date? Yes, yes it has. She's still not entirely sure what they're doing, or where they're going, and even though this is the exact opposite of the type of thing she's used to doing, she's decided that for at least tonight she's just going to see where life takes her.

They make their way away from the Stark house and down the dirt roads, and Sansa finds herself listening to yet another song she's never heard of, a soft and raspy female voice.

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose

>Nothin', don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no no

>And, feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues

>You know, feelin' good was good enough for me

She stops listening entirely when Margaery reaches over and takes Sansa's left hand from where it's sitting in her lap. She watches, eyes wide and heart pounding, as Margaery presses a kiss to the back of it, and sets it down on her leg, lacing their fingers together. "So, where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere."

End
file.